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The never too much lamented Death of the most  
Illustrious PRINCESS  
HENRIETTA MARIA,  
Dutcheſs of ORLEANS, &c.

AN ELEGY.

Proud *France*! no more thy *Flandrian* Conquests boast,  
They are but pebbles to the Gem thou'lt loſt.  
No more, No more triumphant Arches raiſe,  
To mournful Cypreſs turn thy joyful Bays.  
*England* thy total diſſolution fears,  
Swoln big with Triumphs, now thou'rt burſt with Tears.  
Vaunt no more what Conqu'ring *France* can do,  
*HENRIETTA* dead, thou'rt a Low-Country too.  
The *Fleur de Luce* is mantled now with night;  
She's ſet whoſe only Luſtre made it bright.  
'Gainſt death bend all thy Forces, make him ſee  
His Conquests too's nought but a Robberie.  
Never with him be reconcil'd that dare  
'Gainſt Law fall on, and ne'er proclaim a War:  
Few Thieves ſo cruel are in any Land,  
Before they rob, they uſe to bid men ſtand.  
Yet thus far in his Onſet Death was wiſe,  
He manacled not her Hands, but bound her Eyes:  
For had ſhe caſt a look at him, his Arm  
Had ne'er been ſtrong enough to do Her harm.  
The ſtroke was ſudden, or elſe doubtleſs She  
With one ſharp Look had ſtabb'd th' *Anatomy*.

What! ſnatch'd ſo quickly hence! Too clowniſh Fate!  
The King of Terrors ſhould have come in ſtate  
To fetch a Princeſs: but by this we ſee  
They who're in Love, forget their Maſteſty.  
It ſcarce believe She's dead, nor him that ſays,  
Heav'n's Maſter-Builders would a Structure raiſe  
Coſtly, and curious, and at laſt to Crown  
His ſkill, would quickly let it tumble down.  
Who ever rear'd a ſtately Pyramid,  
On purpoſe t'have it quickly ruined?

Merhinks I hear the loud-mouth'd Cannons roar  
Till they were hoarſe, to welcome Her on Shore:  
Merhinks I ſee *Cowes-Caſtle* ſtill on fire,  
\* That day no common Bon-fire did require: \* May 29th.  
*England* then could not an Invaſion fear,  
What uſe for Caſtles, and our Goddeſſes here?

*France* could not bear the abſence of Her light,  
And therefore crav'd She might be ſtill in fight:  
But when She ſaw how She was treated here,  
Fearing She ne'er would move more in that Sphere

In which She lately ſhin'd, ſate penſively  
Bewailing this but-ſear'd Calamity.  
At length She ſpies Her in the Arms o'th' Main,  
And dandled on the Waves return again,  
O'rejoy'd to ſee Her land, did hug Her ſo,  
That ſtriving to b' a Friend, She prov'd a Foe,  
And thinking t'hold Her faſt, forc'd Her to go. }

Unheard of way, Friends thus to welcome home!  
Fiſt to ſalute, next to prepare a Tomb:  
This to Congratulate Her ſafe Return!  
To lead Her from the Ocean to the Urn!

What! was She waſted only o're for this?  
To be Embalmed with Her Brother's Kiſs?  
To Her, New-born, *England* a Cradle gave,  
And muſt She go to *France* to find a Grave?  
But She was like the Sun; and now i'th cloſe  
'Twas fit She ſhould not ſet, where She aroſe.

*France*! That wert once the Garden of the World,  
Art, now She's cropt, into Confuſion hurl'd:  
Now She is wither'd, Methinks all things fade,  
*Paris* a *Paradiſe* 'twas She that made.  
Nothing looks lively now, we're drooping all;  
Her Death hath chang'd the Summer to the Fall.  
The Golden Orchard of th' *Hesperides*  
In what was't richer than a *Wilderneſs*?  
When thoſe fair Apples all were ſtollen away,  
It was not worth the *Dragons* while to ſtay.  
She gone, *France* lay each Souldier now to ſleep,  
What haſt thou worth an arm'd Man's pains to keep?  
Thy Sun is ſet, all thoſe ſurviving Lights  
Compar'd with Her, that they are but fair Nights  
Is all that *France* can brag: this more I'll ſay,  
*France* laſt Year won the Field, this, loſt the Day.

Her fall hath laid all the World's Wonders flat;  
There's nothing in it now worth wondring at:  
Unleſs it be Her ſad, untimely Fate,  
Which Death too ſoon caus'd, I bewail too late.

— Quis talia ſando  
*Temperet a lachrymis?*

J. M.